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No. 12.

Michaelmas Term, 1921.

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The Académite.

A Magazine issued each Term by Students of the
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

No. 12. ONE SHILLING.

Michaelmas Term, 1921.

Editor and Business Manager :
RUSSELL E. CHESTER.

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Contributions, clearly written on only one side of the paper, are invited from all students, ex-students and others connected with the R.A.M. Back Numbers are obtainable from the Editor.



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The Académite.

Editorial.



SPORTS are engaging ever more attention among our students. Hockey and football are the games of this term and next; swimming and cricket were inaugurated last term; the once popular tennis club has ceased activities only because of lack of funds to hire courts. Such difficulties are numerous; how *can* the Hockey Club carry on when the playing ground costs so much? The deficit was met last year by means of a subscription dance, and probably something of the kind will be necessary again. Are the dozen or eighteen football enthusiasts to be left unaided to carry the R.A.M colours unless they again "pass round the hat"?

And now Mr. Farjeon has presented a cup for annual competition between the R.A.M. and the R.C.M. It is to be awarded to the winner of most events in football, cricket, hockey, tennis, swimming, etc. His intentions are excellent, and will prove beneficial, but, as matters stand with us, he might almost as well pack up the cup and address it with his compliments to our friendly rivals.

However, a representative sports committee has been appointed, with a couple of the Professors to act as advisers, and ways and means will be discussed. The R.A.M. Club, giving six performances a year and printing three issues of the R.A.M. Club Magazine, is in no position to help effectively. Branch B, with an annual subscription of only 5s., was some £23 in arrears in 1920. Might we suggest that an attempt be made to form a combined Sports Association among the students of the two or three great music schools, or else that the R.A.M. join with the London University Athletic Association, which has sports grounds at Chiswick. We understand that the Academy, being a recognised institution, could join the latter Association on payment of a certain annual subscription.

Conscience.

The whole long weary night the winds were sad,
And wailed and whined at memory of the force
Which drove them in from sea, breathless, mad,
To escape the dreaded terror at their source.
And the great ocean's mighty voice grew hoarse
With thundering at the rocks; the land was thronged
With howling spirits, sheltering in the gorse,
While breakers wrecked the caves where they belonged.
Yet, in my troubled sleep, one I had wronged
Offered me help and comfort, with a grace
As frank and true as ever I had longed
To see again light up his kindly face.
How blest am I to dream but of the glad,
Good moments of our friendship, not the bad!

R.E.C.

Cocoa-Nuts.

DEVIL'S DYKE.

August, 1921.



ULGARITY signifies "belonging to the populace," and the populace is vulgar in the accepted sense, because it understands nothing that has not been turned out of a mould—and a mould which (it instinctively feels) has often been used before.

The desires of the people *en masse* are therefore akin to the other results of civilization, which may be roughly summarised as the search for convenience in general at the expense of expression or perception in particular. This explains the antagonism between civilization and art. An artist is not out primarily to do the convenient thing.

In this August month the populace pours in hordes from London to Brighton and thence to Devil's Dyke, a fine, though by no means uniquely fine spot in the Downs.

Civilization has made this remote place easily accessible, and the civilized come trooping along. I myself have this afternoon also arrived here, not in hordes and not from Brighton, but over the Downs from Beeding.

And the sooner I am away the better—in fact, I *am* away! That is to say, out of sight of the cocoa-nut shies and the palmistry booths, and therefore quite deserted country. The vulgar come to the Downs, and they demand, not what the Downs can give, but the things they have always associated with enjoyment.

The moulds they know are few; let those few be constantly employed. Let there be cocoa-nuts and photos while-you-wait, on Bank Holiday jaunts, on seaside piers, on the Downs, and . . . one wonders, what will they expect in heaven? Well, we shall see. But just what makes the populace will not exist there. The search will not there be for a formula—it will be for individual expression—but I must break off, lest I be led on to talk Theology, when my aim is Music.

What is vulgarity in music? Cocoa-nut shies everywhere. There is respectable (that is to say, respected) vulgarity, you must understand, as well as the lower-grade variety.

In the latter we have music hall and drawing room songs, where every phrase is acceptable to its audience because it is familiar—cast in the mould.

Elsewhere we have uninspired church and pseudo-classical music, turned out without a thrill, each for its own special populace. The populace comes first. But this is not right. If you go to an artist, you must go to him for what he has to give you, not for what you expect because others give it. Should he try to fulfil such expectation, he is offering you the cocoa-nut as does this poor Devil's Dyke, which holds the power to give so much more. When the vocalist ends on a loud and lurid high note, or the composer puts one in, simply because he knows it will go down; when a shop song resolves its chocolate-boxy major thirteenth on the fifths of the tonic because it is shop-songish so to do; when a pianist flourishes his fingers, fondly dreaming this to be "style"; when, even, an unoriginal composer writes ungainly for the purpose of being ranked among the moderns—fly! There is the taint of the cocoa-nut!

But such of these things as may come naturally in the course of true self-expression—these are then no longer the missiles of monkeys, but have the freshness of English Downs, to be loved for what they are.

HARRY FARJEON

From Italy.



It is amazing how little is known in England about Italy and the Italians. The average man imagines Italy to be a country almost entirely peopled by organ grinders, living perpetually on ice cream and macaroni, and exporting to England in large quantities celebrated musical artists and quick and intelligent restaurant-keepers. Those who visit Rome and Florence on a ten days' tour return to England knowing a little of Italy (the Italy of picture galleries and museums), and nothing at all of the Italians. There was a time when this proof of our insularity was a source of pride to us, but now that the day of self-sufficiency and ignorance is over, this lack of curiosity about the life characteristics and country of another people is greatly to be deplored.

A stranger, who lives in Italy for any length of time, is ever interested, enthralled and edified. Occasionally a business man is heard to inveigh against the country and its inhabitants, but, as a rule, his bitterness is due to the unpunctuality of the trains or the inefficiency of the telephone service. In any case these defects are almost international: even in England one sometimes hears of late trains or tardy telephone girls. But the business man is always an exception; and if an ordinary mortal is not aroused to enthusiasm he is—like Shakespeare's man who hath no music in his soul—to be regarded with suspicion.

The Italians themselves do not travel very much; and this for a good reason—they find they have almost all they want in their own country. We, if we are cold, must go to the Riviera (calling at Paris for our hats and evening frocks); if we want skating and winter sport there's Norway or Switzerland; and no English substitute for Aix-les-Bains and Vichy has yet been discovered. The fortunate Italian, however, can climb Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc, bathe in the Mediterranean, winter at San Remo and Santa Margherita, and take the waters in countless spas without moving from his native land. When he wants to refresh his knowledge of primitive artists and classical monuments, there is Rome and Florence; Venice and Naples give him more romance than he'll ever find abroad (Naples with a volcano into the bargain); Milan, rich and modern, provides shops, gaiety, and an air of prosperity, and Turin, "the aristocratic city," the old home of the Court, is known sometimes as "Petit Paris," striking, as it does, an almost exotic note with its air of gaiety and the exaggerated refinement and elegance of its inhabitants. There are countless other towns, among them Bologna, Siena, Genoa, each with its own personality, its own surroundings of sea, or plain, or mountain, so that the contented Italian stays "chez lui," and more often receives than pays visits.

The Italian is the most perfect host in the world, as English visitors know. There is no country where the English and Americans are received with so much kindness and goodwill. They find that their language is spoken, so as to save them the trouble of learning Italian, their obstinate tenacity to their Anglo-Saxon habits is recognised and almost admired, and any lack of politeness or attention to Italian etiquette is put down to ignorance and condoned. We are not so kind to our foreign visitors; they have to learn to speak English and conform at once to our customs.

The Italians admire wholeheartedly what there is of good and characteristic in us,—our breakfast, our sport, our poets, and are charmed and surprised when they find us with musical talent. Naturally, as musicians, we are not famous in Italy; music with them is an export, not an import. They send abroad their Carusos and receive in return a very limited number of foreign artists, of which the English are certainly in the minority. At the present moment the Matthay method is being boomed here. A recital was given at Turin this spring by no less a personage than Adolph Hallis, and "The Act of Touch," translated into Italian, is on sale in the music shops, very prominently displayed, as if it were an Autobiography by a Society lady.

Elgar's music is sometimes played, but otherwise I can't remember hearing about any English musician or music. We are greatly envied for the marvellous opportunity we have in London of hearing the best of foreign music and foreign artists. Italy, rich in beauty, in tradition, in art and talent, is poor financially, and whereas we can buy what we do not produce, she must do without or obtain it in great difficulty. All foreign music is listened to with eagerness, interest, and in a critical spirit.

There are very many things to say on this subject, and others, that it is impossible to compress into one short article. I hope to write further and to discuss, however superficially, art, national characteristics, tendency of thought and everyday life in this, one of the youngest and most progressive of European nations.

VERA MARTIN.

TURIN, ITALY.

Night.

Cold moonshine, in thine eerie light,
 All earth seems wrapped in gauzes dim,
 And great moths gleam, and then are gone,
 And lilies open at their rim;
 And in the pool the trailing leaves
 Of giant, swaying willows take
 Strange aspects and fantastic shapes;
 And in the rustling splash they make
 Seem dancing there beneath thy beams.
 One old decrepit frog,—the last
 To stay in this forsaken spot—
 In memory of those nights long past
 When frogs there numbered many score
 Croaks throatily the whole night through.

G.C.

The Coming Woe.

By the waters of London we sat down and wept; when we remembered thee,
 O Medals.
 As for our fiddles, we hanged them up, upon the walls that are therein.
 For they that examined us, required of us
 Scales and arpeggios in our heaviness:
 Play us E flat minor in sixths—
 How shall we play scales in an exam. room?
 If I forget thee, O Scales, let my right hand forget its bowing;
 If I do not remember thee, let my fingers cleave to the finger-board. Yea!
 if I forget my scales, in my misery,
 Remember the examiners, O Academites, in the day of the exam.: how
 they said "Play us scales, play us scales, even if you cannot!"
 O examiners with stony hearts; yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee
 as thou hast served us;
 Blessed shall he be that taketh thee and maketh thee play scales.

WINIFRED BOWLBY.

SOCIAL



NOTES.

The three lectures on Beethoven given by the Principal this term were well attended. Musical illustrations were played by Mr. Harold Craxton, Mr. H. Wessely, and some students.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie composed a violin piece, "Distant Bells," for the golden wedding celebration of Sir James and Lady Dewar, when I had the honour of playing it, with the composer at the piano.

An exceptionally large audience was at the R.A.M. on October 22nd to hear M. Marcel Dupré, the famous French organist of Notre Dame, Paris. The programme included the Prelude and Fugue in G Major, Bach, Variations from 5th Symphony, Widor, Choral No. 3 in A Minor, Franck, Prelude and Fugue in G Minor, Dupré, and an improvisation on a subject given by the Principal. In the audience were several of the Directors and Members of the Committee of Management, Mrs. Threlfall, who presented the organ to the R.A.M. in memory of her husband, formerly Chairman of the Committee, and the majority of the Professors.

On October 30th the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society was presented to Sir Henry J. Wood by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. Sir A. C. Mackenzie delivered the presentation address.

Several past and present students, including the Misses Isobel Maclaren and Mollie Halse, and Mr. Darrell Fancourt, are taking part in the season of Sullivan Operas at the Prince's Theatre.

The forenoon concerts arranged by the Aeolian Company may have far reaching results in the concert world. If the number of recitals given daily in London increases, it is quite possible that we may soon be flocking to recitals before luncheon or hearing, say, Moiseiwitsch at 7 a.m. This might, or might not, be an ideal way of starting the day's work.

Mr. Harold Gilder has left for South Africa to take up an appointment in Cape Town.

In view of the rapidly changing population of the R.A.M., it is to be hoped that another group photo of professors and students may be taken in the spring. It would be an excellent souvenir of the Centenary year.

Miss Jessie Whittock won the prize for contraltos and also the Open Championship at the recent Mile End Eisteddfod.

Mr. Horatio Davies has been appointed master of solo and choral singing at Caldecote Towers, Bushey Heath, in succession to Mr. Albert Garcia.

Mr. Arthur Roberts has been lecturing for the L.C.C. at Dalston on "Musical Appreciation."

Recent recital givers include the Misses Bartlett, Carmine, Cochrane, Levi, MacEwan, and Messrs. Hutchens, Paul, Pickering and Sandford.

Mr. Roy Ellett played recently with the Hastings orchestra under Mr. Julian Clifford, and the Misses Dorothy Chalmers and Vera Scrivener played at the Bournemouth Winter Gardens.

Mr. John Van Zyl, recently appointed professor of singing at the Watford School of Music, has been fulfilling engagements at Bournemouth and Hastings, and with the Chough Musical Society.

The marriage of Miss Frances Scott to Mr. John Henry took place at Aberdeen on October 12th.

Mr. Frank Bonner has formed a Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra, and is to give concerts at East Ham and Leyton.

Mr. Spencer Dyke has given the first public performances in this country on the new Revalo violin.

Miss Helen O'Braztoff and Mr. Reginald Pickering had the honour of being presented to H.R.H. Princess Christian last July, when Mr. Pickering sang several of Miss O'Braztoff's songs. Both were complimented by Her Royal Highness.

GLADYS CHESTER.

Variations.

On the theme : Chloë cut me in the Hall of the R.A.M.

I.

Chloë cut me on the stair—
Filled my spirit with vexation,
How I hate the angle where
Chloë cut me on the stair.
For my grief, what did she care ?
Unfulfilled my expectation—
Chloë cut me on the stair,
Filled my spirit with vexation.

IV.

O Chloë, I may be a trifle dense,
But really I have reason to complain
About your treatment of me. Think again
Of all your fickleness, your cruel pretence !
You know you really *might* have had the sense
To look the other way. It's so insane
To cut a chap, then look as though you'd fain
Sink through a marble floor ! Don't take offence,
But next time try to seem a scrap distrait !
As tho' your thoughts were *miles* away from here.
Bring in a little *savoir faire* to play
(You'll find that course less difficult to steer)
I only have one other thing to say—
That's—Try it on some other chap, my dear !

V.

O bruised soul, why weep you for a dream ?
This life is but a shadow, and its care
The fate of all its hope and joy shall share—
Oblivion ! These bitter griefs that seem
To be grey milestones on the road of Life,
These, too, must fade ; Time can heal fear and strife !

The thought that time brings healing does not seem
To recompense me for my fulsome share
Of heart-beloading eye-bedewing care,
We are but shadows, grief is but a dream.
What matter if you dreamt of joy or strife—
A happy or a miserable life ?

O I am sick with fear, yet dull with care,
Within my soul are raging war and strife,
Evil ousts good ; death triumphs over life,
The fate of all ideals my dreams must share ;
We all have faults howe'er divine we seem,
Why darken life because you dreamt a dream ?

All men must dream their dreams and reap their share
Of disillusion. Yet how sweet this life
When we have finished with the tears and strife,
The heart-breakings, the bitterness that care
Lends to existence—when an ended dream
No greater and no less than this shall seem.

Then why endure this hell that men call life ?
Awakening shall fresher, sweeter seem,
When life is done. The ending of the dream
Shall put an end for ever to all strife,
When there is none the peacefulness to share
What should I find in peace—why should I care ?

Love is the only cure for care and strife—
The love of fellow-shadows in this dream ;
The love of music, colour, thoughts, that seem
To make of interest this farce called Life.
Learn for the woes of other men to care
Than for your own, their joy in life to share.

To master Strife, to help this world to Seem
All through my Life, if I but take my Share
Of grief and Care, the better for my Dream,

D.A.

The Opera.

IT was a very happy choice of the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music to select Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeoman of the Guard" as the next opera to be performed by the students. This originally appeared on October 3rd, 1888, and was the tenth work in which Gilbert and Sullivan collaborated, the first one being "The Trial by Jury," in 1875. The plot, one of the best from the viewpoint of humour, is delightfully written in true Gilbertian style, while Sullivan's music is characteristically charming. The performances will probably take place during the first fortnight of next term, when doubtless the Hall will be packed with the usual enthusiastic audiences. The cast, as far as can be ascertained, will be as follows:—

Elsie ...	LUCY GOODWIN	GARDA HALL
Phoebe ...	DOROTHY PATTINSON	LAURA TURNER
Dame Carruthers ...	ELLA FRANK	ETHEL BARKER
Jack Point	HAROLD SANDERCOCK	LEONARD HUBBARD
Col. Fairfax ...	REGINALD PICKERING	MANUEL JONES
Sgt. Merryl ...	ROY RUSSELL	DESMOND ROBERTS
Wilfred ...	ROY HENDERSON	EDWARD JONES
Leonard Merryl	PERCY BILSBURY	BRAND DUNCAN
Lieutenant of the Tower	RAYMOND ILES	HEBER WATKINS

While a class such as this must necessarily depend to a large extent for its solidarity on its old members, one is very pleased to see the newcomers among us this term.

Sir Arthur Sullivan studied at the Royal Academy of Music from 1856-58 under Goss, and afterwards under Sterndale Bennett, and was the first student to be awarded the Mendelssohn Scholarship. In his will he bequeathed autographed full scores of "The Mikado" and "The Martyr of Antioch" to the Academy.

H.F.P.

Football.

Although the R.A.M. football team were very severely defeated by the R.C.M. on October 27th, we are by no means disheartened; in fact the 7-0 defeat has been responsible for considerably more enthusiasm among footballers and supporters, with the result that we are finding fresh talent among the students, and everything augurs well for the return encounter on December 1st.

Through various causes we were represented by a very moderate team the members of which had never previously played together, and so lacked combination. Moreover, the very noisy support of the College students must have completely demoralised our men, for from the first moment the Academy goal was heavily bombarded, and the very superior weight and better football of the College told its tale in a convincing manner all through the first half. The second half, however, showed some spirited attempts on the goal by our forwards, who were distinctly unlucky in not scoring on several occasions.

We were privileged in having the Principal to set the ball rolling. His interest is greatly appreciated by footballers and supporters, and is an incentive to all concerned.

We rely on the gentler sex for their support for the return match on December 1st, and hope for a good display of "red and white," and a large variety of noisy instruments to compete with the College students. Our supporters are assured of an Academy team playing "far, far better football."

HEBER WATKINS (Captain).

A Holiday Impression.

NEWPORT,

PEMBROKESHIRE.

25th August, 1921.

An hour till sunset and a glorious eve,
Well worth the waiting for through many rains!
Carnyngli's rounded contours lie widespread
Majestically motionless; each hedge
Traces his patchy coat of green and purple
Distinctly as a large scale map; his head
A mass of jagged boulders piled up high,
To crown the ridge austere with gray-brown.
Strange that this quiet hour of paradise
Knows no admirers save myself, the sheep,
And a great many wild things round about.
I came upon a rabbit unawares:
A magpie flew from near (truly that bird
Has ever a guilty conscience!) Bunny stayed
To wash his face composedly and nibble
A sweet blade in the grass; I fear he'll not
Live long if he allows this evening magic
Often to make him bold. . . . Was that a gun?
Oh surely no one could disturb so blest
A peace! The twittering swallows and the sheep
In the next field seem but to consecrate
The calm serenity. . . . Again! . . . No, it's
The sea resounding in a cave,—the sea,
So beautifully tinted and so still
That I forgot it almost . . .
. . . I'll sit here on the edge
Of this square cove, which many storms
Have carved from weak spots in the tough old cliff;
Phoebus has leaned a rim on Dinas Head;
A breeze springs up and makes me close my coat
And think of night, and of the sadder time
When this, my holiday, is ended. . . . Oh, how chill!
The sun is gone, but he has left behind
A splendid promise for the morrow. Now
I'll saunter back towards the dusk and watch
The shadows grow and darken into night;
Then gossip with the good man at the house,
Of salmon-fishing, poaching, smugglers' times,
Of taxes, neighbours, and his new-bought fields.

R.E.C.

Alexander Scriabine (1871-1915).

A short sketch of his life, intended for those who are sufficiently interested in the Music to wish to know a little of the man.



ALEXANDER SCRIBINE was born on Christmas Day, 1871. His father Nicholas, the second son of a Colonel in the Russian Army, was a lawyer, who afterwards became Chief Consul at Erzeroum, and his mother was a brilliant Russian pianiste, who had studied under Letchetizsky at the Petrograd Conservatoire of Music. Their home was at Saratoff, the largest city on the Volga, but they were spending Christmas with the older Scriabine's, at Moscow, at the time of Alexander's birth.

A few months later his mother developed tuberculosis and died in 1873. The motherless child was brought up by his maiden aunt, Luboff Scriabine, to whom he was devoted all his life.

At the age of five he could extemporise on the piano, and play from memory pieces he had heard but once. He could write simple pieces when he was eight. At ten, like most Russian boys, he was placed in an Army Cadet Corps, and while still a Cadet became a student at the Moscow Conservatoire of Music. Here he studied the piano under Safonoff, and, later, for a short period, Arensky, and composition with Tanieff, who had a great influence over the young composer. His student years ended in 1891. During his last term he met the famous publisher Belaieff, who proved a great friend, arranging many concert tours for him, and eventually publishing more than half of his compositions.

By the time he was twenty-six he had written the First Symphony, the Pianoforte Concerto, three Pianoforte Sonatas, and some hundred small piano pieces.

In 1897 he was appointed Professor of Piano Playing at the Moscow Conservatoire, and his composition suffered accordingly; indeed, he only wrote the Second Symphony, a Fantasia, and two Preludes during that period of seven years.

He left Moscow in 1903, and travelled widely in Europe and America, giving concerts and composing. He spent the winter of 1907-8 at his father's house in Lausanne, to which the ex-Consul of Erzeroum had retired a few years before. Here the Poem of Ecstasy was finished, and immediately after its completion the Fifth Sonata was written in the short space of three or four days.

After two years in Brussels, where Prometheus was written, he settled once more in Moscow, and Prometheus was produced there in March, 1911, under the baton of Kussevitsky. A little later he toured through Holland, Prometheus being given at nearly every concert.

Scriabine came to London at the beginning of 1914. On March 14th he played his Concerto at Queen's Hall, and took the piano part in Prometheus, under Sir Henry Wood (Prometheus had been given in London the previous year); and on the 20th and 26th of the same month he gave two piano recitals of his own works at the Wigmore (then Bechstein) Hall.

He went back to Moscow with many invitations and engagements for the following season, but his first visit to England proved to be his last. A boil on his lip, that had been troublesome for some time, broke out again, and developed into a carbuncle; blood poisoning set in, and he died on April 15th, 1915, after days of terrible suffering. He was given a great national funeral, at which all the chief musicians of Russia were present. Scriabine was buried in a cloister of the Devitschy Monastery, Moscow.

During his short life of forty-three years, he wrote five big orchestral works, ten pianoforte sonatas, and some two hundred small piano pieces.

*" Pure symbols of the Living God,
Sublimest art of Harmony;
We raise our fervent hearts to Thee
In wonder at Thy melody."

*" Hymn of Art," sung by two solo voices, mezzo-soprano and tenor, in the First Symphony.

EDWARD PETLEY.

Sight-Singing.

*With profound apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan.**Tune—"A Policeman's Life."*

Ach! mein lieber Herr Professor, this is just a doleful ditty,
 To convince you of my chronic state of fear—(state of fear!),
 And to ask you to bestow on me a large amount of pity,
 And incline to me a sympathetic ear—('thetic ear!).
 'Tis your weekly class for singing that's the cause of all my sadness.
 Faith!—'tis driving me into a slow decline—(slow decline!);
 And if you would be angelic and my sorrow change to gladness,
 You'd excuse me from it eight times out of nine—(out of nine!).
 When sight-singing's the duty to be done—(to be done),
 Well, a student's life is *not* a happy one (happy one!).

Oh! 'tis just a fearsome ordeal, 'tis my weekly Purgatory—
 For—(between ourselves)—I cannot sing a bar (sing a bar);
 If I even had an ear 'twould be a *very* different story—
 But, alas! I've got to take things as they are—(as they are!).
 I have hardly had a lesson in the mystic art of singing,
 And I don't possess a single ounce of brain (ounce of brain).
 To your tribunal of mercy, see, my troubles I am bringing—
Shure no suppliant appeals to YOU in vain (*you* in vain!).
 When sight-singing's the duty to be done—(to be done),
 Well, a student's life is *not* a happy one—(happy one!).

If by means of ready pen—(and, p'raps, a touch of Irish blarney!!)
 I might melt your heart and get my own sweet way—(own sweet way),
 Then, bedad! there's not a soul upon the earth that shall debar me
 From invoking blessings on your head all day—(head all day!).
Won't you go to Mr. Corder and explain the situation?—
 Into what a state of panic I have got (I have got!).
 And tell him I'm a Paddy—bashful, shy—like all my nation—
 And I'm *certain* he'll exempt me on the spot—(on the spot!).
 When sight-singing's the duty to be done (to be done),
 Then a student's life is *not* a happy one (happy one!).

MOLLY ROCHE.

Etude de Concert.

The boy stood on the platform,
 His programme in his hand;
 The lights were shining brilliantly,
 And the elite of the land
 Down in the hall in grand array
 Sat—damsels dark and fair,
 With stately dames and long-haired males
 All so attentive there.
 No place was that for grief or gloom,
 No place for care to gall;
 Yet that poor youth, as he stood there,
 And looked around the hall
 Was trembling with a mortal fear,
 Was pale with awful dread—
 He shrank before the upturned eyes,
 And wished that he were dead.
 Oh, what could be the direful cause
 Of such a guilty state?
 You think, perhaps, he was a thief
 About to hear his fate!
 But those who have been taught to sing,
 To sing in the Duke's Hall,
 Will say directly they read this—
 "It's HIS FIRST SHOW, that's all!"

DOROTHY CHALK.

Club Doings.

What do we do at an R.A.M. Club Outing? A professor remarked, very disparagingly, that such occasions usually provide an excellent opportunity for wandering away with an interesting companion, and spending the time, perhaps pleasantly enough, but not so as to contribute to the general sociability which Branch B tries to foster.

It was not so last July 16th. We left the R.A.M. in two 'buses (next time, however, we shall have charr-a-bancs). It took long to get out of London, but the ride across the Heaths beyond Sutton was glorious. Such troubles as the heat, losing our way, a "tired bus," "minding our heads" to avoid overhanging branches, were forgotten when, arrived at the top of Box Hill, we sat down to luncheon in a cool pavilion. We were hungry enough to enjoy anything and everything.

After luncheon, certain ones gathered in small groups and solemnly behaved in most extraordinary ways. Onlookers were not welcomed—indeed, they were warned off!

We all—well, nearly all—turned up for tea, which had been fixed for 4.45 p.m. by vote of the majority, and, after that, the mystery was explained. Grand Guignol playlets being the attraction of the moment, Mr. Farjeon had concocted some excruciating ones for our amusement. He had distributed the parts and outlined the plots; all the rest—dialogue and "producing"—was left to the performers. The latter enjoyed their opportunities immensely, and the audience evidently found the results very entertaining. How interesting, for instance, to see the hero's accomplished love-making, to sympathise with the revolutionary sentiments of the "Academy Tragedy," and enjoy the downfall of all examiners. Besides, some quite clever "gags" were introduced into the dialogue.

Then we played rounders, and soon it was seven o'clock and time for the first 'bus to depart; but only half-a-dozen were ready to go. This meant that the later 'bus would have carried a double load had it not been for the Company's rules and regulations, which forbade this.

The "tired" 'bus went home light, and we went on with the games, and, later, "on with the dance." Shortly after 8.30 we collected all our goods and chattels and boarded the remaining 'bus, only to find that Mr. Farjeon and Joan were missing. Search parties—hallooing—coo-ees, etc. But at nine sharp they, the truants returned, and it was we who were early, not they, late!

The ride back was as good as anything in the day. We had such a good view of Epsom Downs that some of us at once decided to see the next Derby from the top of a "private hire" 'bus—"eighteen out" and hampers in. But those inside had most fun. There was an eager raffle for a sandwich; a girl had a spool of thread, a boy cut off a button, and we were happy all the rest of the way, playing "Pass the button."

* * * * *

At a Meeting at the R.A.M. on Wednesday, November 2nd, footballers made the following elections: Captain and Secretary—Heber Watkins; Treasurer—Roy Henderson; other members of the Committee—Messrs. H. Davies, Duncan, A. Fulton, Manuel Jones, Pickering. It was decided to request Sir Alexander to be Honorary President. Regular practice times were fixed for 10.30 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.



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Guess !

WHO should remember that it is by far the wisest to practise what he preaches

WHO is the lady president of the Red Rose Bachelor Club.

WHICH of our brilliant students have passed the "Accommodation" for sight-singing.

WHO were the accommodating parties,—they or the examiners.

WHO noticed the distinguished Russian General at the Chamber concert—
General Exodus.

WHO wished us to insert an "agony."

WHOSE hair has greatly improved with frequent visits to the barber.

WHO is conspicuously absent—and who else was ditto, end of last term.

WHO referred to the study of the pianoforte at the Academy as an "essential key industry."

WHICH charming young lady described herself as a "grass widow."

WHO is the one-article man.

WHO is "always with the girls."

WHEN we shall have a Chamber Concert with not one sash askew.

WHO is responsible for the occasional Chappell.

WHO is the "dip in Jordan" lass.

WHO received a letter from himself "the morning after."

WHOSE films are much in request.





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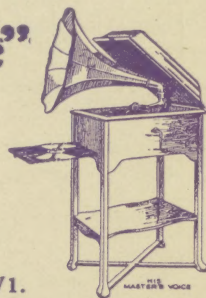
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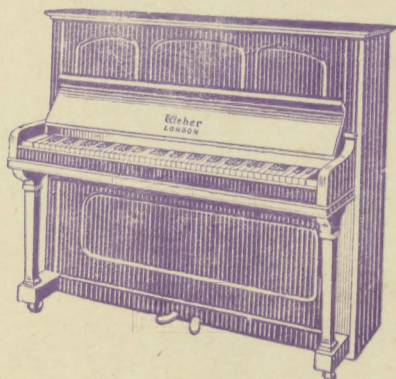
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